

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cooper.*



THE FAITHFUL NEGRO FINDS HIS LOST MASTERS IN THE SPANISH GUARD-HOUSE.

THE RIVAL HEIRS.

CHAPTER IV.

"Do you shoot, Mr. Lansdale?" said the superintendent, as she poured out the tea at breakfast next morning.

"I'm not much of a sportsman."

"Well, Thomas will find you gun and shooting-belt and everything: I am sure there's no want of the like here: and poor Mr. Maywood can't make use of them now. I don't know how to amuse you, Miss Westby; there are pretty walks all about, but I have a weak ankle, from a sprain."

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"Oh, never mind, I'll amuse myself; the weather is charming, and the walks must be fine among the farms and in the park, to one who has been so long shut up in London; I'll find my way about, and back too," said Miss Westby.

"Well, that's very good of you; and if you please to take the porter's daughter Betsey as a guide, she is a good well-mannered girl, and knows every lane and turning within five miles of the Hall."

Matters being thus arranged for them, the rival heirs went forth, the one to shoot, the other to walk about the expected manor. Of course they didn't intend; but

Mr. Lansdale's shooting, and Miss Westby's walk, brought them to meet in a green glade where the autumn sunshine fell in chequered gleams through the fading foliage, and on the trunks of mossy oaks. Her straw bonnet was half blown back, the wind had ruffled the smooth bands of her dark hair, and the health and freshness of early country life had come back to the woman's look, in spite of the weary years of teaching and striving for a living, in the midst of London smoke and brick walls.

"How like what she used to be, when we romped together in the old cottage at Clifton," thought Lansdale, as he rested his fowling-piece against one of the oaks, and deliberately awaited her approach.

"Willing to be friendly, and not a bit jealous; a fine manly fellow," thought Miss Westby, as she quickened her pace. They got into conversation about her walk and his shooting, about the fineness of the weather, about the beauty of the scenery, about the squire's sickness, about the uncertainty of worldly things; both were old enough to think seriously, and had experienced reverses. Then their talk crept back to the old times at Clifton; each thought it was a pity their parents should ever have quarrelled; but the fault was not his or hers. Lansdale found out there was no use in him attempting to shoot; the partridges had got intelligence that he was no sportsman; he would walk with Miss Westby if she wasn't tired of his company.

"Oh no, how could he imagine she was?" the courteous lady replied. They walked on, through glade and wood path; the ground was rough, and Mr. Lansdale offered his arm; Miss Westby took it without hesitation, and the superintendent was agreeably surprised to see the rivals coming home in that friendly fashion.

"I like to see that, now," cried the squire from his sofa; "it shows no bad feeling or paltry jealousy. A very proper pair they would make: I wish I could leave it to the two; but he is engaged, they tell me, and I do like that young woman; it would be a pity to send her back to the governessing—she can tell a tale so well, and amuse a man without foolish gossip."

Before the squire had finished his comments, the subjects of them were at his room door. Miss Westby had gathered a great nosegay of autumn wild flowers, tastefully arranged with leaves of woodland ivy, and placed in a pretty vase she had got from Mrs. Cotham. Though a man of little taste, the squire was pleased with the attention. "Yes," said he, "the flowers look as fresh as yourself; the partridges and hares have fine times among them, now that I am laid up here. What sport had you, Mr. Lansdale?"

Lansdale related his ill success with such spirit and good humour, that the squire laughed heartily.

"You are a bad shot, but able to tell it better than I expected, you looked so mum last night."

"I was stranger, sir, and quite cast in the shade by Miss Westby here; but, since tales amuse you, I'll try to tell you one better than my experience with the partridges; I read it one dreary day in a country inn."

"Go on," said the squire, closing his eyes, "for I am tired looking out of these windows and fretting because I can't get out at the game you missed."

"And I'll work," said Miss Westby, taking up a quantity of muslin borders she had volunteered to hem for the superintendent, while with some trepidation, as became a man making his *début*, Mr. Lansdale commenced his story of—

EUSTACHE; OR, THE FAITHFUL NEGRO.

"Among the opulent French colonists in the island of

St. Domingo was a nobleman named Belin de Villeneuve, who possessed a large plantation running along the coast. Coffee and sugar—principally the latter—were the produce of its rich soil, under the culture of negro slaves, who had either been kidnapped and carried off, or purchased from their barbarous kings and resold by their merciless captors to the European planters, to be employed either in the fields beneath a burning sun, or in the suffocating stamp-mills and boiling-houses, their treatment being, at the best, seldom so considerate as that which humane masters bestow on domestic animals.

"On many plantations the negroes were then (as, alas! they still are in freedom-boasting America) sadly misused, nay, tortured even to blood, by the heavy lash, in order to extract from the *Ebonies*, as they were generally called in St. Domingo, a still greater profit. But in St. Domingo there were then (and, thank God, there are also in America now) some highly honourable exceptions among the slaveholders; and among those brilliant rarities De Villeneuve deserved to be placed. On his plantation no unperformable tasks were imposed, no super-human labour exacted, no blood-drawing lash employed. Punishment, if unavoidable, was humanely administered. The treatment of his slaves was, when in health, just, when in sickness, kind; and they were even allowed some free hours, which they could employ in work for themselves or for recreation, at their pleasure; they were, in short, treated as human beings, and not as mere beasts of burden. But by far the most frightful part of slavery is that not only the individual who has been bought, but all his or her progeny, become the property of the purchaser; and so entirely are the human rights and human feelings of those poor disfranchised ones set at nought, that the master may be, and often is, so inhumanized himself as to break asunder all family ties, and sell away parents from children, and husbands from wives, wholly regardless of the heart-agony such cruelty must needs call forth. But no such scenes of forcible dismemberment were ever witnessed on the Villeneuve plantation. Its proprietor regarded his slaves as property, indeed, but live stock of a higher grade, and even carried his humanity so far that, if any negro child showed mechanical talent, he gave both opportunity and assistance to its cultivation, and took personal interest in the young slave's progress.

"In the year 1778, a negro boy was born in M. de Villeneuve's house, who received the name of Eustache. He soon became a great favourite in the family, for he not only showed unusual capabilities, but, which is still more unusual, attached himself specially to the white members of the household, and, as he grew up, performed every service demanded of him, not only with zealous punctuality, but with an alacrity and unwearied diligence which indicated a real attachment to his master.

"And such a state of feeling was, just at that period, peculiarly rare in St. Domingo; for a long course of cruel treatment had created at last, in the negro bosom, a deep though secret hatred of their oppressors, which, being planted onwards from father to son, was even now only waiting the favourable moment to burst forth.

"Years passed away, and brought many changes in Europe, all which duly reached, and were of course read and discussed by St. Domingo's French population; and yet but few of those rich and indolent planters suffered themselves to be disturbed in their habitual indulgences by even a slight attention to those mighty surges of public opinion which were then agitating their own native land.

"'Oh,' said the St. Domingo planters, 'such outcries have been made before; but they were quelled as quickly

as raised; and so will it be with the present plebeian attempt. Our old French institutions and immemorial privileges are too firmly based, too intimately interwoven with the very vitals of society, to be broken up and discarded; a couple of vigorous *fusillades* will quiet the *canaille*.'

"But they were mistaken. The old institutions were broken up, and fell, and buried in their ruins thousands, both of those who had clung to the old rotten pillars, and of those who, caught in the mad vortex of innovation, helped on the catastrophe.

"Nor was it possible that so violent a shock as that of the French Revolution should not make itself felt in other lands, and especially in all dependencies of France. Least of all was it to be expected that the watchwords of 'freedom' and 'equality' could fail to produce one electric shock in the already volcanic state of the St. Domingo slave population; while, if anything was wanting to rouse the blacks to immediate action, it was furnished by the senseless determination of the whites to increase the weight of their iron yoke, in the wild hope of thereby crushing out the mutinous spirit of their slaves. The fearful nature of their mistake was but too rapidly displayed.

"The fierce and long-nourished hatred, the rancorous thirst for vengeance on their merciless oppressors, which had for generations boiled and fermented among portions of the black population, now communicated itself to all. By night, when the planters were wrapped in sleep, or, as was more commonly the case, were spending the hours in wildest orgies, dark figures stole to the secret place of meeting, where their plans were discussed, and which finally ended in the momentous resolve to rise *en masse*, murder the whites, without distinction of character, age, or sex, and burn down the plantations—thus sweeping away from the earth every vestige of their past wretchedness and its guilty authors.

No negro was unacquainted with these midnight meetings, and Eustache himself attended more than one of them, both to escape the suspicion of disaffection, and consequent certain destruction, which would have been created by his absence, and to learn the resolutions come to by his black brethren, with a view to save his master at least, from the murderous designs against the whites; for, independent of De Villeneuve's general benevolence of character, Eustache had personal grounds for attachment to his master, who had always shown him much indulgence, and even given him an education much above the others. Thus situated, Eustache had often been impelled by feelings of gratitude to remonstrate with his fellow slaves against their indiscriminate hatred of the white man, and afterwards, when the crisis was nearing, he even ventured to dissuade from any outbreak, but, most of all, from incendiarism and bloodshed. But his efforts were fruitless, and it soon became plain to him, that by persevering he should only excite a stronger degree of suspicion and enmity against himself, without in the remotest degree promoting the safety of the doomed whites. Under this sorrowful conviction, the first resource of poor Eustache was prayer to Almighty God, that he would ward off the impending danger from his beloved master; his next, to try and rouse that master to a sense of coming misfortune, without direct betrayal of his countrymen. But this was a task of difficult achievement; and as, day after day, the danger became more imminent, and De Villeneuve evidently either misunderstood or disbelieved his hints, he felt wretched, and the terrible secret left him no peace of mind by night or by day. He would not betray those mistaken plotters, and contented himself with warning

his master of a threatening danger, and adjuring him to take measures for an immediate departure from the island. But even this failed to impress De Villeneuve as it was designed, and he seemed disposed to treat the whole as a chimera of Eustache's brain, until, in despair, the faithful fellow let fall some words indicative of the quarter whence the danger was likely to come; and though De Villeneuve was even then disposed to rest on his standing well with the black population, and averred he felt safe on his *own* plantation, howsoever other planters might fare, Eustache succeeded at last in opening his eyes to the futility of hoping for safety, if once the flood-gates of slave insurrection were opened; and when he added, in his eagerness to obtain belief, that he *knew* such an outbreak was near at hand, and that neither he, nor a dozen such faithful ones, could avail to rescue their master, if the mutiny were fairly begun, De Villeneuve became alarmed, and set himself seriously to deliberate what it were best to do.

"After short consideration, De Villeneuve determined on shipping all the sugar and coffee he had ready in store, on board a vessel then lying in harbour, which of course occasioned no observation, whilst all his other moveable property was, with the assistance of Eustache, packed in sugar casks and conveyed as such on board. When all was so far ready, De Villeneuve, together with a few friends—whom he had been able to convince of the impending insurrection—and accompanied, of course, by his faithful Eustache, set forth under favour of a dark and starless night from their hitherto happy homes, and got safely on board their ark of refuge. The wind was fair, and the captain, who had all in readiness for departure, as soon as the freighters of his ship were on deck hove up anchor, and, despite the darkness, gained the open sea before the dawn, and made all sail for France.

"De Villeneuve's first act after his fortunate rescue would, one might have thought, surely be to give Eustache his freedom; but whether encased by the prejudices of his order, whose privileges, though long since abrogated in the land to which he was hastening, were still clung to by him with all the tenacity of hereditary and long worshipped rank, or whether the sway of habit rendered him oblivious of the relation in which he actually stood to Eustache, certain it is, the poor fellow remained as before—a slave; and, as he had never felt the weight of his chain, possibly he too looked on this as matter of course. Yet, I think Eustache possessed more true nobility than the noble Belin de Villeneuve, who, while rejoicing in escape from a pregnant danger, let himself and friends be still served, in the character of *slave*, by him from whom they had all received freedom. The white nobles held on in their accustomed course of thought and action, and the black noble persevered in his. He had ardently striven to save his master—he had succeeded—and that sufficed him; or if, perchance, other hopes had occasionally arisen within him, he pressed them down into the most hidden depths of his humbly faithful heart.

"With genuine French levity and thoughtlessness, the planters ate, drank, laughed and sang in their cabin, or under the awning spread on the after-deck, without giving a thought to the danger which might yet assail them, and by which they were actually surrounded; for France and England were then at war, and the ocean swarmed with privateers belonging to the latter, ever on the watch for French vessels, while their own crew was too weak to attempt resistance. A sufficiently alarming predicament truly, but which did not occasion a moment's concern to the volatile Frenchmen, until, one morning, a sailor shouted from the masthead, 'A sail on the north-west, apparently English!' Then, indeed,

consternation fell on them with paralysing force. But what could they do?

"The privateer—for such she proved—came down on them full sail, and was ere long so near that they could perceive her sides bristling with cannon, and her deck crowded with men. As matter of course the merchantman surrendered at once, and the rich prize was in due time taken in tow by her conqueror, while all it contained of human life, whether passengers or crew, was transferred to the latter, where they soon learned to estimate the varied horrors of captivity under the sway of privateer's men—never the most humane of captors.

"But a closer acquaintance with the state of matters on board the privateer, revealed to Eustache that a large majority of her unusually numerous crew consisted of prisoners like themselves, (but mostly able-bodied seamen,) taken out of previously captured vessels, among which the English crew had been divided to convey the prizes home, so that a comparatively small proportion of Britons were now on board; and it was not long before the African's busy brain had concocted a plan of deliverance founded on this circumstance, viz., to fall in some unguarded moment on the Englishmen, (well assured the others would at least stand aloof, if they feared to join the enterprise,) regain possession of their own vessel, and sail for America.

"De Villeneuve listened with sparkling eyes to the suggested plan, and, deeming it not only practicable, but easy of execution, communicated it to his friends, who hailed it with enthusiasm. In addition to these assured allies, Eustache, initiated into the plot such of the foreign sailors as he felt sure of, and one day, as the unsuspecting English sailors were seated at dinner, a simultaneous rush was made on them, and with very little bloodshed they were overpowered and secured. Once more free and joyful, the quondam prisoners took possession of the privateer, and turned her prow towards America, towing the merchantman after them.

"But, of him who had now rescued his master from imprisonment, as before from death, no one thought. Nay, De Villeneuve seemed to regard himself as the originator of the successful stratagem; and not even a thankful acknowledgment fell to the share of him who had not only devised, but bravely fought, to carry through the adventurous plan. He was a *slave*; perchance his master deemed himself lord of his brains as well as of his thews and sinews. At all events he remained a slave.

"No farther disaster befel the voyagers, who reached an American port in safety, there sold the privateer, and divided the price among all who had taken part in its capture—all save Eustache; he, as being the slave of M. de Villeneuve, received nothing. What claim, indeed, could he make? himself the property of his master, all he can ever acquire must be his master's likewise.

"The life of a planter in St. Domingo was in those days the most luxurious possible. The most unlimited *far niente*; the pleasures of an extravagantly rich spread board; a full supply of the rarest and most expensive wines, gambling, and sleep filled up the hours; even gain was scarcely a stimulant, for abundant wealth rendered money itself valueless, save as the medium of sensual enjoyment; and with these habits of life the St. Domingo planters landed in America.

"De Villeneuve had sold his (by far the larger) share of the cargo, very advantageously, which, together with what he received for the privateer, formed a large sum; but he continued to live the life of a St. Domingian, without remembering that the sources of his former expenditure were no longer available to him, and without a thought as to how he should obtain future supply.

"The consequence of such recklessness could not but speedily show themselves, especially as the other refugees, who had rescued much less than De Villeneuve, came proportionally sooner to the bottom of their purses, and then with ready urbanity assisted him to find the bottom of his. The sure result had been for some time plain to Eustache, even before the accommodating friends began to lend their aid; but when that commenced, he perceived ruin approaching with giant strides, and his sound judgment could discover but one source of relief—work—and of course, *his work*. So, every hour in which he could contrive to absent himself from personal attendance on De Villeneuve, he devoted to earning money with which to come in aid of his master's fast ebbing finances. But one unlucky night at the gaming-table brought on the crisis which Eustache had tremblingly foreseen, and vainly striven to avert. Now, indeed, De Villeneuve acknowledged and deplored his folly, but, as usual, too late; and though he felt ready to tear out his hair, that would not bring money into his purse. No; work, work, was the unpalatable admonition which was constantly sounding in his ears; and, incompatible as all exertion was with every previous view and habit of his life, he could not shut his eyes to the iron necessity—he must, and his friends too, look about for some employment, by which to win—not luxuries—but food, lodging, and clothing: anything more was not to be hoped for.

"Meanwhile Eustache worked night and day, and was overjoyed if by that means he could occasionally procure for his master any of his former accustomed enjoyments. Indeed, the faithful fellow worked himself half to death; but it never occurred to De Villeneuve so much as to thank him. Why should he, indeed? He was himself a free-born man, and he was living in America, the land, *par excellence*, of free institutions and guaranteed freedom and equalizing republicanism; yet its laws entitled him to use his slave as a working machine, so long as it would last! The only thing that Eustache did receive, either from De Villeneuve or his friends, was the privilege of listening day by day to their lamentations over the hard fate which reduced men of their quality to work, *just as if they had been born slaves!* But nothing of all this was able to shake either the fidelity or the patient endurance of Eustache; on, on, he laboured in the sweat of his brow, and remained, as a reward for his disinterested self-sacrifice—a slave.

"But, weary of the unaccustomed effort, and restless under privations, the self-exiled planters turned longingly back to St. Domingo—the El Dorado alike of their memory and their hope. Surely things must ere now have changed there for the better. For them, at least, St. Domingo must needs be better than America, since it could not possibly be worse, and any change would be a relief.

"In vain Eustache, who was an ear-witness of these consultations, tried, when alone with his beloved master, to dissuade him from entering on so wild an enterprise. In St. Domingo, he assured him, ruin and death would be their portion. The news brought by vessels from the island proved undiminished enmity to the whites, but in America they were at least safe; and as for him, he would gladly strain every nerve to procure for his master a better futurity. But De Villeneuve and his friends turned a deaf ear to these remonstrances, and at length found the means of realizing their wishes.

"Report said some portion of St. Domingo had returned to the old order of things, and De Villeneuve and his fellow-planters, willingly believing what they so much desired, determined to start, resolving, however, to land first at Fort Dauphin, which was strongly gar-

risoned by Spanish troops, from whom they counted surely on receiving protection. A considerable number of St. Domingo refugees had arrived in the same part of America, after De Villeneuve and his friends, and all now banded together for this expedition, deeming themselves equal to most emergencies; and after a very prosperous voyage they did indeed arrive safely at their wished-for port, but only to find how truly Eustache had prognosticated the state of affairs.

"Notwithstanding that the Spaniards really had a large military force in the place, they either could not, or would not, protect the planters, who had at length arrived to the number of 500; and the news of such an array of returned refugees being bruited about among the negroes in the vicinity, they not unnaturally regarded them as come for the purpose of re-establishing the old tyranny. The consequence was an organized attack on the town by large bodies of armed negroes, who hunted out the planters wherever they were to be found, pursued them from street to street, and from house to house, and dragged them forth for butchery from all the hiding-places to which they fled to escape their blood-thirsty enemies. Even the churches afforded no safety: to the very altars the wretched planters were pursued, and there cut down; while the Spanish authorities, whether civil or military, looked on, if not apathetically, at least without an attempt at either protection or defence.

Eustache had lost sight of his master at the moment when the first burst of the yelling negroes had thrown the city into utter confusion. He searched for him in every direction, but all in vain; and his heart sickened as he saw band after band of the insurgent blacks parading the streets, and proclaiming, with fiendish exultation, that not one of the returned oppressors had escaped their vengeance.

"Belin de Villeneuve possessed in Fort Dauphin a splendid dwelling, now inhabited by a house steward, to whose care it had been committed when De Villeneuve left the country; and to save this last remnant of his master's wealth from plunder was a task to which Eustache had immediately devoted himself, so soon as the work of blood being ended, the devastation of property began. The leader of the negroes in these Fort Dauphin excesses was named Jean François. He had been a slave on one of the plantations which bordered on that of De Villeneuve, and his wife was maternally related to Eustache, for whom she had much affection; and to her the faithful slave betook himself in this extremity. He recalled to her remembrance the evenings in which they two had played together before her mother's hut, and succeeded in awakening her sympathy. He persuaded her to use her influence with her husband to save the property from pillage.

"No sooner was this important end accomplished, than Eustache hurried to the only part of the town he had not yet searched. It was an open space near the harbour, where the corpses of the murdered whites lay in heaps; and with a beating heart he betook himself to the sickening task of turning over the dead bodies, to see if his master were among them, but he found him not. Could it be that he had been saved as by a miracle? A faint hope dawned in Eustache's heart; but where should he now seek him was a question which, however eagerly he put it to himself, received no satisfactory reply. Meanwhile the negroes, having fulfilled their fearful purpose, retired from the city with their booty, leaving it in at least momentary security.

"And a miraculous preservation had really been granted to De Villeneuve. At the first rush of the negroes into Fort Dauphin they had divided themselves into two

bands, and while one party engaged hand to hand with such of the planters as had courage and weapons to make a stand, the other band drove all the unarmed fugitives before them, like a flock of helpless sheep, towards the harbour, with the intention of hurling them into the sea. Very many were actually precipitated over the quay by the savages, who revelled in their dying struggles. Others voluntarily sprang into the surging waters, preferring drowning to the fiend-like tortures to which negro vengeance often resorted; while by far the greater number fell beneath the knives or hatchets of their black assailants.

"But on the quay itself were piled up a large quantity of casks, filled with sugar and other goods ready for exportation, and Belin de Villeneuve was fortunate enough to get close to them in the *mélée*, and, availing himself of a favourable moment, crept in among them unobserved; and there he lay, crushed up into an incredibly small space, listening to the horrid din, until, the planters being all killed, the negroes turned back toward the city, in order to slake there, their still unsated thirst for blood and rapine, leaving, as they believed, nothing but lifeless bodies behind them. When the hubbub was over, De Villeneuve ventured forth from his retreat, and was conducted by some compassionate, though timid inhabitant of the locality, to the Spanish guard-house, where the soldiery readily gave him shelter, as well as food, now that the dreaded blacks were no longer in their vicinity.

Eustache, in the course of his round, inquired of the guard if they had seen his master; at the well known voice, De Villeneuve started forth, and Eustache wept tears of joy over his beloved master's rescue.

"At length the booty-laden negroes retired from the city, and when night had drawn a veil over the fearful scenes of which its inhabitants had been appalled witnesses, Eustache conducted De Villeneuve to his rescued dwelling, and delivered it up to him as his possession. The faithful slave had again done his duty; and if it is but fair to suppose that De Villeneuve felt grateful to him in heart, we are compelled to admit there was no outward expression of it. Eustache remained still a slave; and if his lord condescended to acknowledge and praise his fidelity, it never occurred to him that more could be expected.

"Of Fort Dauphin, however, and Spanish protection, he had had enough; and so De Villeneuve mortgaged the house which Eustache had rescued, for a considerable sum in ready money, and, as all land travelling was now unsafe, took ship for Port-au-Prince, and his faithful slave accompanied him thither.

"In Port-au-Prince a shadow of French authority had been maintained, and there many planters, as well as government officials, who were not at one with the revolutionary party at home, and therefore had no desire to return to France, had taken refuge, and Belin de Villeneuve, who had always been highly respected in the island, was soon after his arrival elected President of the recently constituted Privy Council, whose aim and object was to be the re-establishment of social order. The attempt, indeed, was soon seen to be futile, and the council was broken up. But worse troubles soon followed. The planters' establishments, as well as dwellings, were razed to the ground, and all idea of a re-establishment of former institutions and legal forms necessarily relinquished; hope itself began to fade away, and both money and credit were daily becoming scarcer; and yet the prospect of falling into the deepest poverty was not the worst evil which lay before the white population of the whole island; for they were threatened with death, and that in its most frightful form, unless they

could by timely flight withdraw themselves from the blood-stained hands which were still reeking from the murder of their compatriots.

" Yet even this lot, though sad enough, was not the sole, nor perhaps the heaviest cloud of sorrow which hung over De Villeneuve, and which he could not escape even by flying from St. Domingo.

" He had in early life more than once suffered from an affection of the eyes, and the work to which he had in America resorted, had, by occasioning frequent exposure to cold, increased the tendency to inflammation in his luxury-embittered constitution. His eyesight had been for some time becoming slowly but perceptibly weaker, and when he at length accomplished a safe return to Paris, the physician he soon after consulted declared his case beyond his skill; the disease was the true *gutta serena*, and incurable.

" De Villeneuve was now an old man, and his various and heavy misfortunes had bent his spirit; but this last stunning blow crushed him to the earth.

" The poverty, indeed, with which he had once had to struggle, was no longer to be feared. The final sale of his house in Fort Dauphin, together with the repayment of considerable loans, which his return to St. Domingo had enabled him to realize, proved a capital sufficient, under the prudent management of Eustache, to secure the old noble's ease and comfort during the few years which could yet remain to him. But total blindness was a fearful anticipation, and it drew nearer and nearer, and at length wrapped the poor old man in that dreary night which will never end until broken in upon by the light of eternity.

" Eustache, it may well be believed, now devoted every thought to his master's solace. He never left him for a moment—was eyes to him, for he guided his steps, carefully shoving away every pebble from his path, and strove by every kind device to comfort and amuse him. Nay, the love of the noble black seemed to grow in proportion as it was called for, and became inventive in its zeal to cheer the long weary days, and sustain the failing health as well as the sinking spirits of his aged and blind charge; and of this he gave the most affecting as well as brilliant proof, when, conscious of having nearly forgotten the art of reading, which he had but imperfectly learned in childhood, he rose very early in the mornings and took lessons in reading before De Villeneuve's hour of rising; and then, so soon as, by almost superhuman diligence, he had mastered the difficulty, offered to read for the old man, and did so in a manner which drew tears from the poor blinded eyes. And then first did the icy crust of prejudice and habit melt away from De Villeneuve's bosom. So much love, such self-sacrificing devotedness and surpassing fidelity could not fail to obtain at last their well-merited reward. Eustache was now manumitted by a formal legal act, and all who heard of it rejoiced that justice, though tardy, had at last been done; for truly, considering his age and infirmities, De Villeneuve might possibly have descended to the grave with the dark stain of ingratitude resting on his name.

" But this act of justice only fettered the faithful Eustache more indissolubly to him, whom he continued to regard and to serve as his master. Yet, alas! not for long was it appointed to the old noble to receive pleasure from Eustache's new-found talent. The springs of life began to be exhausted, and a not very severe illness which suddenly came upon him, and during which Eustache tended him with equal fidelity and tenderness, terminated his days, and left Eustache to sorrow after him as for a beloved parent. How he had latterly been appreciated was shown by his master's will; for, though

of all his once almost countless treasures there remained to De Villeneuve at the time of his death only 12,000 francs (£480 sterling), yet the whole sum was bequeathed to Eustache, in terms which far outweighed, in the quondam slave's estimation, the value of the money gift; and they made him inexpressibly happy.

" And now, as his wants were extremely few, even the interest of his legacy would have fastened a burdensome responsibility on his conscientious soul, had he not had a peculiar talent for discovering, and the purest pleasure in relieving needy and deserving objects, whom he made it his business to search out. Neither were his christian sympathies satisfied with mere almsgiving; he devoted his time also to the suffering and the forsaken, and many were the hours spent by him in tending the sick, cheering the sorrowful, admonishing the erring, and encouraging the penitent with the rich treasures of God's Holy Word. The legacy left him by De Villeneuve was not only regarded, but expended as a deposit committed by God to his stewardship, for the employment of which he would one day be called to account; and, having accidentally discovered that the old nobleman had committed an actual, though perhaps unconscious injustice in passing over in his will some really needy relations, Eustache gladly imparted to them a share, and devoted the rest to purposes of benevolence.

" One of his most favourite ways of doing good was apprenticing orphans to able masters, paying the premium for them, and watching personally over their conduct; then, if they turned out moral and religious men, and capable workmen, he bestowed on them the necessary tools for setting up in trade, and advanced the means to carry on business on their own account.

" But all this time, and while performing such various acts of generosity, Eustache continued in service, doing duty and receiving wages as a menial. But when, on one occasion, the family in whose service he then was met with sudden and unmerited reverses, he not only refused all wages during the time of their distress, but assisted them with money to the utmost of his power. If anything could add to the rare value of this course of active charity, it would be its exercise in a city like Paris, in which the temptations to expenditure on selfish gratification are rendered facile, both by opportunity and example. But Eustache yielded not.

" In his later years he lived as cook with a family of distinction, by whom he was highly esteemed, both for his culinary attainments and his strict integrity, and he received a high salary. But all that remained of that, too, after the deductions for necessary clothing, went to relieve the sick and the poor.

" For years long had this noble generosity been exercised, yet Eustache had ever so contrived that scarcely the 'right hand knew what the left hand did.' But the number of those assisted became at length too great for continued concealment. His name became bruited abroad, and at length reached the ears of the Academy, who, after assuring themselves of his rare deservings, awarded to him the De Monthyon prize of 5000 francs; and he rejoiced in the greatness of the sum, only because it furnished means for a yet more extended benevolence.

" Eustache died at a very advanced age, deeply deplored and lamented, and his funeral procession was as large as if his birth had been noble, while the mourning and the tears were assuredly more sincere than those which follow the decease of many a high-sounding name, the great majority of those who attended Eustache to his last earthly resting-place being such as had partaken largely of his benefits, and were thus capable of hallowing with grateful affection the memory of a negro—a being

whom some would contemn as belonging to an inferior race, and therefore doomed by God himself, as they blasphemously assume, to perpetual servitude."

"I never thought there was so much good in negroes," said the squire; "there are good and bad of all colours, I suppose; and his name, too, Eustache; wasn't that the name of the negro servant the captain had with him, Mrs. Cotham? Captain—I forget his name—that dandified fellow, you know?"

"Captain Spencer," said the superintendent.

"Yes, that's the man I mean; my old friend Major Thornton—he belonged to the regiment poor George took me out of, and used to sit next me at mess—brought him here last shooting season—a stupid conceited puppy, worth nothing at a hunt. He had a negro servant from some of the French West Indian Isles, I think, and his name was Eustache, but very unlike the man of your story, Mr. Lansdale; he was one of the greatest rascals in Europe; set snares for my rabbits," said the squire, with unfeigned horror. "I got rid of them both as soon as possible after that; but the captain holds on to my skirts. Oh that gout, it is coming on; do get down to dinner, like good children, for I hate to groan before anybody but the nurse."

The poor squire had such an attack that evening that his doctor had to be sent for, and he could see nobody; but Mrs. Cotham found no difficulty in entertaining his visitors—they had become such good company to each other, talked, played chess, read passages from favourite authors found among the literary treasures of Maywood, though the library was neither much valued nor very extensive. Nevertheless, some old poets were fished out of the half-filled and disorderly book-cases. Mrs. Cotham told her confidant, the upper housemaid, that she had never heard such fine talk and reading, and it was wonderful how well those two agreed, considering that nobody knew which should have Maywood Hall; but they were very polite to her, and she wished well to them both.

INSURING WORKMEN'S TOOLS.

The burning of Messrs. Broadwood's piano-forte manufactory, in 1856, furnished an occasion of pressing upon workmen of every kind the duty of insuring their more costly tools. The recent destruction by fire (August 26th) of a carriage manufactory at New Cross, near London, followed, as in Messrs. Broadwood's case, and many similar ones, by an appeal for public subscriptions to replace the men's tools there consumed, induces the writer to recur to the subject, not only for the purpose of again urging this duty upon all whom it may concern, but of obviating some objections.

The first objection that we anticipate is the *cost* of insurance; and on this point we wish to supply a little information. The rates charged for insuring workmen's tools vary from five shillings per cent. to sixty-three shillings per cent., being calculated according to the risks to which they are exposed by the nature and extent of the business in which they are employed, and by the construction of the buildings in which they are used and kept. If we take the first of these rates, five shillings per cent., we shall find that the cost of insurance will be a fraction more than a halfpenny in the pound per annum; while the highest, sixty-three shillings per cent., would be about seven-pence halfpenny in the pound.

The value of the tools employed by different workmen,

of course, also varies. At New Cross, in the case alluded to, they are given at about seven pounds per man; at Messrs. Broadwood's, some of the men had as much as seventy pounds' worth. It may be believed that tools employed in a carriage manufactory would be charged at the highest rate, on account of the varnishes and paints used in the building, in addition to highly-seasoned wood. Supposing it to be so, even here, for an expense of four-and-fourpence a-year, or one penny a-week, these men might, each one of them, have secured funds for the purchase of new tools, without mulcting the public, or being indebted to *charity* for their replacement. The sacrifice of a mere pinch of their weekly tobacco would have preserved their independence, and insured for them, *as a right*, that which they must now receive as charity. Is this too much to ask from our highly-paid and often intelligent artisans? Their health, we can assure them, would be none the worse for this little sacrifice, while there would be, perhaps, one chance the less of setting the place on fire with their pipes.

Pianoforte risks are, we are given to understand, only about half this highest rate; they may be "done" at thirty-one and sixpence per cent.; so that Messrs. Broadwood's men, with their seventy pounds' worth of tools, might have been equally independent at a cost of twenty-three shillings and sixpence a year, or fivepence halfpenny a week. That halfpenny a week would be for stamp duty, which in these cases is only payable when the amount insured exceeds twenty pounds. One pot of beer less in the week, and two or three pipes less smoked, would have sufficed. And in considering this slight deduction for the preservation of valuable property, and the self-respecting independence of the workman, we must not forget that artificers of this class almost invariably earn high wages.

Another objection may be, that owing to the men changing their places of employment from time to time, insurance offices would not accept the risk, as the conditions might be constantly varying. And to obviate this, we should suggest that the employer of this species of labour, who must know well enough both the number of his workmen and the value of the tools used in his service, should himself effect the insurance, distributing the cost of it among his men by making those slight deductions already mentioned, be it one penny or five, or one farthing, from their weekly wages. Of course it would be much better if each one would and could do it for himself, or if they could discreetly "club" among themselves for the purpose; but failing either of these plans, the one we have proposed might meet the exigency of the case; and we often see so great and generous a regard on the part of large employers, for the welfare of those engaged in their service, that we think we might venture to count on their co-operation in the matter. And it must be remembered that government holds out all the inducement in its power to so prudent and commendable a forethought, by exempting from stamp duty all insurances of workmen's tools, provided they do not exceed twenty pounds in value.

There is, however, another objection to the insuring of workmen's tools, greater than either of the above, and it is this, that fire insurance offices do not like such risks, and sometimes decline them altogether. Yet, if public opinion can but be brought to require this species of insurance, we doubt not that the offices will find some way of overcoming their own reluctance to it, and be as willing to do business in tool risks as any other. We desire this greatly, not only on account of the money value involved, but for the sake of inducing habits of prudence and of self-dependence on the part of working men.

LICHENS.

"The living stains which Nature's hand alone,
Profuse of life, pours forth upon the stone;
For ever growing; where the common eye
Can but the bare and rocky bed descry;
There Science loves to trace her tribes minute,
The juiceless foliage, and the tasteless fruit;
There she perceives them round the surface creep,
And while they meet, their due distinction keep;
Mix'd, but not blended, each its name retains;
And these are Nature's ever-during stains!"

—CRABBE.

CHAPTER I.



1. Spore or seed of the Common Hole-lichen. 2. Ditto, of Spangle-lichen. 3. Ditto, germinating. 4. Receptacle of Red Mushroom-lichen. 5. Ditto, of short-stalked Goblet-lichen. 6. Ditto, of Writing-lichen. 7. Ditto, of Gem Wart-lichen. 8. Ditto, of Spangle-lichen. All magnified.

LICHENS* are plants coming next to the Mosses in botanical order, though differing widely from them in appearance. They are distinguished from sea-weeds by the presence of minute green bodies (*gonidia*), lying generally in a layer between the upper and lower covering of the plant. The infant lichen first appears as a frail network upon the stone or bark, a layer of cells grows upon this, and then the gonidia are formed. Lichens are either *crustaceous*, *powdery*, *leafy*, or *branched*. Their fruit is of two kinds, the more perfect form being deposited in concave or convex shields, and lines; the less perfect in powdery warts. These sturdy plants seem strangely independent of the substance on which they grow. Some flourish on the hardest rocks, others prosper on healthy trees: they will bear all vicissitudes of weather; for though they seem to dry up and die in the hot sunshine, yet the first rainy day enables them to expand again, and resume the business of their life. They have a wonderful power of retaining moisture, and also of collecting it; for if there is any damp in its neighbourhood, the lichen seems to attract it to itself. In dying they deposit a subtle acid, which wears away the rock on which they grew, and thus forms earth fit to nourish minute plants of higher organization. It was this capacity in the lichen to which the poet alludes, when describing the gradual rise and vegetation of a coral island—

"But soon the lichen fixeth there, and dying, diggeth its own grave,
And softening suns and splitting frosts crumble the reluctant surface."

This first use of the lichen was familiar to me; but I was astonished to find many other uses for one or other of the tribe. As dyes, as food for animal and man, and as medicine, they have performed, and do perform, no mean part in vegetable economy. I was impatient to make personal acquaintance with them, and resolved to sally forth in search thereof immediately on my arrival at Hawkhurst. As the railroad train whirled me thither, I turned over in my mind what direction I should commence my search in. A small plot of high ground, still waste, where the purple ling and dwarf furze flourish, rose in my memory. The plot in question rejoices in the name of "Starvegoose," in allusion, I suppose, to its barrenness. At noon, then, on my first day at Hawkhurst, I found myself traversing the wooded road leading up from the village to this last plot of moorland, and quickly I transferred myself from the sandy road to the other side of the barrier gate. I took one glance around on that wide-spread landscape, so essentially English;

* By the author of the "Introduction to the Study of Mosses," which appeared in "The Leisure Hour," Nos. 471—475.

the hop-gardens were still mere forests of poles, and the corn-fields bore an emerald hue. Yet, though the rich woods were leafless and the orchards bare, the form of beauty was present in the variety of hill and hollow; and gray towers, rising now from woods or park-like fields, and now as landmarks on the seaward cliffs, pointed the eye upward to a clear blue sky, flecked with white clouds, where neither the form nor tint of beauty was absent. They pointed the eye—yes, and the heart too; for a soundless voice seemed to issue from them, mingling with the song of birds and the distant tinkle of the sheep-bells, saying, "Set your affections on things above." A rough path traversed Starvegoose, and, seeing it coloured with various tints, I knelt to examine it. A greenish gray crust spread along the ground, sometimes thicker and sometimes thinner, so as to form an uneven surface; from this crust little bull-necked stems arose, surmounted by a rose-coloured top, resembling an uneven mushroom, except that it had no gills beneath. Here was certainly one of the *crustose* lichens; its true fruit (*Apothecea*) was well developed, and the form thereof showed it to be the rose-coloured mushroom lichen (*Baeomyces roseus*, Fig. 1). I remember finding a plant resembling this at Braid Hermitage, near Edinburgh, when I was assisting a botanical friend to search for fungi. It differed from the one in my hand in having a more decidedly green crust, and in the miniature mushrooms being more even in shape, and of a brownish red hue. I felt glad that I had preserved the specimen; for it would make my collection better to have two species of Hooker's first genus of lichens. The Braid plant was the red mushroom-lichen (*B. rufus*, Fig. 2). There is a brown species found on rocks and walls, and another, characterized by the thickness of its crust, which is peculiar to Ross-shire. But time was passing away too fast to allow me to continue my reflections and my search together; so I hastened to collect all the beauties around me. There was a white-branched lichen, of most elegant form, which I suspected of being the rein-deer moss (Fig. 19), and a lichen bearing little cups on its stem (Fig. 24). Another, growing near it, had crimson knobs instead of cups (Figs. 20 to 23), and in many places the stones and earth were covered with black swollen dots. These I placed in my case, and then betook myself to the woods, in search of further treasures.

Although the sun was shining so gloriously to-day, yet April showers had been falling heavily during the night, and for many days previous, so that the woods were very wet, and drops of rain still hung upon the tall weeds. I disentangled some decayed branches from under these weeds, hoping to find some lichens upon them. I was not disappointed. Numerous thread-shaped stems bore tiny heads, so that the end of the stick where they grew resembled a Lilliputian pin-cushion with the pins half drawn out. Upon applying my pocket lens I saw that these heads were goblet-shaped. Some had discharged their seeds, and were empty, and there was a thin blackish crust spread upon the stick. These peculiarities decided me in naming it the short-stalked goblet-lichen (*Calicium curtum*, Fig. 3). Upon the same dead branch I found another of the goblet-lichens; the stem was generally absent, and the cup broader, and of a reddish colour. This was the rusty goblet-lichen (*Calicium ferrugineum*, Fig. 4). Proceeding along the overgrown path, I came to a rude bridge spanning the slow stream. Laying my hand on the rail, I perceived that it became stained as with soot. Again I produced my lens, and found that a lichen was growing thickly on the wood; this one was stemless, but still goblet-shaped. I remembered that the sooty



1. Rose-coloured Mushroom-lichen (*Baeomyces roseus*). 2. Red M. (*B. rufus*). 3. Short-stalked Goblet-lichen (*Calicium curtum*). 4. Red G. (*C. ferrugineum*). 5. Scaly G. (*C. tympanellum*). 6. Greek Writing-lichen (*Opegrapha scripta*). 7. Variable W. (*O. varia*). 8. Black W. (*O. atra*). 9. Starry W. (*O. elegans*). 10. Stone W. (*O. saxatilis*). 11. Gem Wart-lichen (*Verrucaria gemmata*). 12. Submersed W. (*V. submersa*). 13. Black W. (*V. nigrescens*). 14. Gray Internal-fruited-lichen (*Endocarpon minutum*). 15. Circular Pustule-lichen (*Variolaria globulifera*). 16. Inelegant P. (*V. aglaea*). 17. Limestone Spangle-lichen (*Leucania ventosa*). 18. Reindeer-lichen (*Cladonia rangiferina*). 19. Cochineal Cup-lichen (*Seyphophorus cocciferus*). 20. Horned C. (*S. cervicornis*). 21. Finger C. (*S. digitatus*). 22. Torn-coated C. (*S. sparassia*). 23. Elegant C. (*S. gracilis*).

powder was a feature in the black goblet-lichen (*C. tympanellum*, Fig. 5). There is a yellow species, and a gold-headed, and a grey-crusted, and a parasitic, and several other species; but Trenley-wood furnished none of these. The next family of the crustaceous lichens, as given by Hooker, is called *Arthonia*. The crust is thin and spreading, the fruit round and sessile. They form greyish stains, dotted with tiny specks of brown or black, upon living trees. Though not uncommon, I did not succeed in finding any of them on that occasion; but on closely examining the bark of the trees, young and old, I did descry stains and markings of most wondrous form. Some seemed like miniature inscriptions in ancient characters, and some like interrupted lines, or irregular dots. There could be no doubt that these were the writing-lichens, and one in particular resembled so closely Greek characters that I named it the Greek writing-lichen (*Opegrapha scripta*, Fig. 6). There was one growing on the bark of the Spanish chestnut, in which the short lines were waved and turned in different directions. The crust was buffish, and the long-shaped fruit black. (Fig. 7). The distinguishing peculiarity in the fruit of these writing-lichens is the long shape and the depressed mark down the centre. The parasite of the Spanish chestnut was the variable

writing-lichen (*O. varia*, Fig. 8); and the black writing-lichen (*O. atra*, Fig. 9), with its close horizontal lines, decorated the bark of many young oaks. There are a great number of species in this family. The brain and stone writing-lichens affect rocks, whilst the birch, the red, and the starry species favour various trees. By the side of one of these I descried a lichen with a thin grey crust, round black seed-receptacles decidedly raised, and with a tiny white dot in the centre. This was the gem-like wart-lichen (*Verrucaria gemmata*, Fig. 12), the family being so named because of the thin crust being covered with minute warts. A black stain, which I found upon a stone by the brook, showed, through my lens, similar structure, and I ventured to pronounce it to be the black wart-lichen (*V. nigrescens*, Fig. 14). Just as I was putting the stone into my case, I caught sight of a green patch upon it. It was on the lower part of the stone, and had been under water. There were distinct black receptacles upon the bright green crust, and I could not doubt it being the submersed member of the family (*V. submersa*, Fig. 13).

Of the numerous other species frequenting rocks of various kinds I knew none, but hoped to make acquaintance with them on a future day. And here, I thought, must surely fit in a pretty leafy lichen that was lately sent

to me. It had no raised fruit, only minute dots in the upper covering of the leaf, which, as I was told, indicated the presence of immersed receptacles, these dots being, in fact, the mouths of the said receptacles. This proved it to be one of the internal-fruited lichens (*Endocarpon*), and the colour of the upper surface of this plant showed it to be the greyish species (*E. miniatum*, Fig. 15). The substance of the leaf is leathery, and lined with dark brown; it grew on a perpendicular rock, from above which water oozed, and was an inhabitant of my well-beloved Swalewood, near Richmond. This is the largest species in the family; there is a green species, and an emerald, and a dark grey, and an ash-coloured, and many other species growing on rocks or bark in various places, but I sought for them about Hawkhurst in vain. Some fine old oaks standing at intervals along the fields furnished me with good specimens of the hole-lichens, so called from the depressed points in the warts (*Pertusaria*). The common species (*P. communis*) is like a circular grey patch, with warts crowded against one another. Of the nearly allied family, the perforated-lichens (*Thelotrema*), I could find no specimen. The trees were often powdered towards the root with green, white, violet, and bright yellow, and these stains I knew were the leprous-lichens (*Leparia*), where the seeds are scattered loosely in the crust, and not at all collected into receptacles. There were no scattered-spot lichens to be found, though I remembered often to have seen the minute confluent receptacles of the wall species upon mortar. This family also contains many members, but they are too minute, and resemble each other too closely, to draw much general interest. In a wood composed partly of firs, near the toll-gate, I found a pretty circular lichen; the margin was zoned, and the inner part was sprinkled with white powder, while several shields were planted towards the centre. These were the receptacles, and boasted a torn border. This was the circular pustula-lichen, the family name being the result of the swollen receptacles (*Variolaria globulifera*, Fig. 16). A tree near the edge of the wood bore large patches of the "inelegant pustula-lichen" (*Agelaea*, Fig. 17); its grey crust with patches of white powder was too unassuming to deserve the term inelegant.

I now hastened my return, as the dinner hour could not be far distant; in this, however, I was deceived, for I had passed the off-shoot of the original village which is now called Highgate, when the unerring clock of the fine old church sounded the hour previous to our feeding time. This church had been restored since last I had held communion with the "men o' Kent," so I determined to spend the half hour now upon my hands in looking round its venerable walls. Here I soon found myself criticising the windward side of the tombstones with the aid of my pocket lens. There were patches of spangle-lichen, both of the common and limestone species (*Ureolaria calcarea*, Fig. 18), and the crab's-eye lichen, and several others. The spangle-lichens are distinguished by the vase-like shape of their receptacles. As thus I sat, wearied with my long ramble, and thinking now of the varieties of living lichens, and now of the solemn dead around me, I felt a deep quietness steal over my spirit, and the poetic words of Ruskin recurred to my mind. Speaking of mosses and lichens, he says, "They will not be gathered, like the flowers, for chaplet or love token, but of these the wild bird will make its nest, and the tired child his pillow. And as the earth's first mercy, so are they its last gift to us. When all farther service is vain from plant and tree, the soft mosses and grey lichens take up their watch by the head-stone. The woods, the blossoms, the gift-bearing grasses have done their parts for time, but these do service for ever!"

Trees for the builder's yard, corn for the granary, moss for the grave!"

As I drew near the fine old tiled dwelling of my friend, I rapidly glanced over the successes of my day. Of the ten first Hookerian families of lichens I had got specimens of eight, all being crustaceous except the internal-fruited and the leprous lichens. Two more crustaceous families remained to be studied on a future day; but I had at any rate got an idea of the form and arrangement of them, and the varied style of their receptacles. My ramble had been full of interest, and yet, certainly, these minute lichens were undoubtedly the least attractive of the order.

EDWARD IRVING.

II.

For some five years Irving proceeded in the full height and culmination of his genius, throwing forth with the prodigality and exuberance of a wealth which knew no limit, orations so splendid and addresses so heart-stirring that it is hard to understand how they can have fallen into partial oblivion, and gathering audiences of the noblest, highest, and most intelligent in the land to hear a gospel which no man could accuse of error or heresy. What one has to observe in these magnificent examples of religious oratory, is, not any relaxation of the bond of doctrine, but an indescribable subliming, a swell and elevation of fervid splendour and forcible reality, which these garments of truth prove in nowise too limited to bear. It is not easy to put in words the effect of this inspiring loftiness; but no one can read the "Orations" of Irving, or his "Last Days," or indeed any of the productions of his genius during this period, without perceiving the singular *afflatus*, which, like the heaving of the breast and the dilating of the eye, swells in those noble sentences, and animates the brilliant monologue. They are not extravagant nor exaggerated; there is no strain after popular applause, nor grasp at novelty; but they are the utterance of a man who thinks not with his mind only, but with his heart, and puts his whole soul into every word he says. How little he desired in his own consciousness—even at this time, the period of his greatest fame—to wear the fantastic crown of extreme popularity, or to win the public regard by novelties of doctrine, cannot be better shown than by his own words. The following passage, strangely touching and pathetic as it is when one knows the after-progress of his life, occurs in one of his sermons upon "The Last Days":—

"I know not, dear brethren, what you may feel with respect to this turmoil, into which the classes of society are thrown—this unrest, which, like the evil spirit from the Lord which troubled Saul, will not suffer us to be at peace—but for myself, I will say that I would rather, if I could, possess the sober steadfast character which, in the last age and the age before it, pertained to a minister of the Presbyterian Church of Scotland; his grave spirit, his judicious counsel, his plain, honest, straightforward exposition of God's word, with all the other characteristics of a conscientious faithful minister of Christ and pastor of his people. A year of such a life, of such an unknown and noiseless life, I feel it were more noble to possess than to rule the descendant of public opinion, and to ride upon the unsettled waves of this heady and high-minded generation. I will labour for it; I will find my way back to it if it be possible; and I would advise any man who hears me, as he values his own peace, to do the same—to seek quietness, to desire peace, to dwell with truth, to ensue it diligently."

This was written in 1828; yet only some couple of years thereafter the speaker had gone astray among the chaotic voices of a wild supernatural fever; but, sincere to the very core as Irving was, a more moving pre-vin-

dication of his purity of mind and intention could not be supposed.

Could Irving have died at this point of his career, he would have died a saint and hero, amid the universal honour, praise, and lamentation alike of the church and the world. And could he have been possessed now by the missionary idea which was with him in his youth, and driven forth out of his glory to rude contact with fact and things, to make primitive proclamation of Christ and him crucified, and to breathe that unlimited atmosphere of deserts or of mountains, of conquest, of adventure, of apostleship, for which his nature pined, Irving had been saved, a power and strength to a world that needed him—at least so far as mortal mind dare speculate upon that “If” which tempts us with its impossible possibilities. But it was otherwise arranged in the order of Providence. By this time already he had begun to find certain gleams of new light thrown upon his ancient and unshaken faith. Some new apprehension of the nature and value of Baptism—which he thanks God for with touching and melancholy earnestness as having been revealed to him, to prepare him for the hardest parting of life, the loss of children—entered into that entire and fervent faith of his, which made everything personal and vivid which it touched. It is hard to conclude what this new light was, save just the subliming and exalting touch of that mighty imagination which, once fairly directed to a matter which he had hitherto held simply as a doctrine, could not help but seize upon it with a sudden spiritual instinct and vehement grasp, which made the abstract truth so splendidly alive and present, that it looked like a discovery or resuscitation of something previously unknown. Then came a dawn of error, which was scarcely error save in words—one of those subtle matters in which a difference of terms throws real unanimity out of court, and puts a world of war and words between sworn brethren who have no real disagreement at the bottom of their hearts. This, for which he afterwards suffered deposition from his ministry, was an opinion upon the human nature of our Lord; an *opinion*—for it is hard to find anything more in it—and the only instance where he appears to us to have sought at peril of the truth an “original view.” This opinion was that the human nature of our Lord was perfectly like our own, not only in affections and feeling, but also in that natural bias towards evil which is common to our race—that the birth of Jesus was not an Immaculate Conception, but that it was his Godhead and the Holy Ghost which kept in spotless sacrificial purity the Lamb of God. This infringement of Christian doctrine Irving thanked God for revealing to him, with his usual characteristic vehemence, supposing it only an enhancement of the supreme and divine merit of his Master—and so made the first public breach in his own orthodoxy and soundness of faith. It was in the year 1827 that he first began to preach and to profess this new discovery of doctrine. By that time he had already become involved in the meshes of prophetic interpretation, and had begun to lose himself in that eager investigation into the secrets of the Godhead, and the unrevealed decrees of Providence, which abstracted his gaze from men and present things, and produced those first sins of manner of which so many tales are told: how he began to expound to a private party before their meal, and proceeded for hours with the extraordinary monologue, in which everything but his subject faded from his recollection; how he proposed to assist his friend Dr. Chalmers by reading the chapter or lesson in the morning service before his sermon, and occupied time enough for two sermons in that exposition. For he was fast falling into

an excitation of mind beyond his own control—the time for balance and recovery was almost over. Men whose minds alone were engaged, and whose hearts kept safe out of the mystic circle, beguiled him forward to the edges of the fire; and he who never could separate his heart from all he thought and all he did, went forward, in that solemn unity of his being, like a martyr, bound beyond relief of earth, to follow out to the farthest all those germs of revolutions which woke within him; and so proceeded, not without chime and chorus of the noblest music, to his downfall and his fate.

For these circumstances, of course, combined to separate him from his brethren—from the sober-minded Presbyterian preachers, who were innocent of genius and its excitements—and from the general religious community, which had been scandalized and horrified to hear that its missionaries were not missionaries of an apostolic kind. The world had gazed its fill, and become tired of gazing, so that even that dangerous expression of human sympathy withdrew from his course. He became more and more isolated into the sole society of those minds congenial to his own, which Dr. Chalmers describes him as attracting by a kind of magnetic influence, and gaining entire mastery over—minds which possessed the vehemence and force of sentiment without the greatness of soul which distinguished himself—the class of hysterical and spasmodic intelligences whom such genius excites into a madness of enthusiasm which never fails to find voice of one kind or another, and which always has its reactionary power upon the nobler influence which brought it forth. This circle of absorbed disciples, who at once worshipped and debased him, kept up the dangerous excitation of his spirit without satisfying his heart. That heart was sick with the sublime disappointment of Elijah and Isaiah—“Who hath believed our report?” He had laboured, he had preached, he had spent his strength in vain. The world went on in its wickedness, and all this prime of human life and action lavished upon it had left no perceptible result. He began to long, like the former Bonnerges, for fire from heaven—to think that if one came from the dead they would surely believe—and to yearn in his own melancholy and solitary soul for a sympathy which that world of intoxicated spiritualists who surrounded him had not to give. And then came a thought like sudden dew and refreshing to the man, who was wearied in his way: what reason was there to suppose that spiritual gifts and spiritual communications were entirely debarred from modern possibility? Paul never said so when he recorded how tongues and interpretations came in his miraculous times. Was it not the mere want of faith which kept them silent now?

And so he pondered in his heart, with an intense desire growing upon him. Such desire and such excitement has a subtle power of conveyance and communication. While he was thus thinking, some winged seed, perhaps from his own lavish stores, had fallen at a distance, and began to bud into extraordinary life. The church was startled by hearing of the gift of tongues returned, and come upon a sick woman in the west of Scotland. Scarcely had the first inquiries been made about this, when the same miracle appeared in very London, under the eyes of the longing preacher, who had hoped and prayed for a communication from heaven. Not upon him came the tongues of fire—not to that candid noble Agonistes, consuming his heart with vehement desires, yet simple and sincere as a child, and incapable in his own person of anything but absolute truthfulness, descended that strange inspiration. Perhaps he wondered, as he stood by in that sad yet rapt

humility, receiving, recording, obeying, the message which he never doubted came from heaven, why it was bestowed upon these unknown men and women, and not upon him, God's forlorn devoutest servant, who daily, under this unnatural excitement, yielded up a portion of his life. But he never paused in his faith, or hesitated as to the reception he should give the miracle for that personal incapacity, and so unconsciously and unintentionally preserved himself, as so true a man was sure to do, from any soil of deception or complicity. It is quite impossible to conclude that it could be all deceit, and it is equally impossible to explain what other agency effected these singular exhibitions. They belong to those phenomena of mind which include many inexplicable accidents, if one may call them so, and which exist and reappear in new development in every age, most frequently accompanying, in one form or other, times of great mental and spiritual excitement. Not only Irving, but many men of perfect sobriety and temperance of mind, gave grave attention to the supposed miracle, and did not hesitate to believe that these supernatural gifts *might* be restored to the possession of the church, and that the church was bound to investigate closely and earnestly before rejecting them. Irving alone received them with the unhesitating readiness of entire belief; but his own mind was too sincere to be caught in this snare of spiritual elevation and ecstasy; and so the weaker minds, who could be rapt by their own mad fervour into impulses and utterances of overwrought excitement, which some of them, no doubt, honestly supposed to be genuine inspirations, took up, by very power of their weakness, a higher place than their leader, and predominated, by the mad sweep of their swollen tide, over the deeper current, which could not be lashed into a like fury. Henceforward the preacher took a secondary place. The inspired rabble rose over him, dictating what he should do; and the great sad heart, to which no inspiration came, stood by in the strangest, most pathetic humility, accepting, through whatever hand it reached him, this, which he supposed to be the message of his God.

When things came visibly into this condition, it was neither to be supposed nor wished that he could retain his place in the church. It is easy to denounce the commonplace preachers who sat in solemn synod upon a man infinitely beyond their range and power of judging, and cast him forth from among them as one unworthy to share the office for which even now he was possibly a thousand times better qualified than they; but it would be rather more difficult to say what else these same preachers could have done, or what would have been the use of that ecclesiastical polity, which Irving himself regarded with the fullest admiration and approval, if Irving had been permitted to remain in his place, and introduce into the most severely reasonable of all churches the wildest development of religious enthusiasm. The first steps of all against him were taken by these same persistent churchmen, the leading members of his own congregation, who had brought him to London, who had built his church and held up his hands, and given him, up to the farthest verge and possibility, their strong adherence and support. They did it not in enmity, but in sorrow, feeling it impossible to go farther; and after a trial, pursued with all the forms and authority of Presbyterian law, the Presbytery of London sentenced the preacher to leave his church, having transgressed the tenure on which he held it. A year after, he was summoned to the bar of the Presbytery of Annan, which ordained him, and there, after again a solemn trial, was formally and solemnly deposed. What else was possible? Laws, as he says himself, are made for all, and not for the gifted

few. True, the small men sat upon the laws, and possibly found an envious satisfaction in exercising their power, and placing their ecclesiastical stigma upon him. But the sentence was just and inevitable. They took from him the authority they had given as the minister of a recognised and constituted church, and they were bound by their oath, honour, and duty to do so; but they took nothing away which God had given him; and so the church, helpless and authoritative, withdrew from him, and left him to the end which was inevitable, and daily drew more near.

From this period, the world, with all its greatness and appliances—the church, with all its sympathies and censures—all the warm living earth, full of those common dear external things which keep the soul in balance and the life alive, disappear from the course of this wonderful man. The picture becomes confused, gloomy, sad—sad always, sad evermore; the heart breaking, the soul failing—perhaps some consciousness of a great undiscovered blunder somewhere weighing down the troubled spirit, and everything giving way but faith. Then there appears the last scene—the inspired rabble growing presumptuous in their revelations—losing the first innocence of that fervour—falling into a common trick of it, and the vulgar despotism which belongs to the rampant fanatic; and their so-called leader, standing by, doubtless still with a great melancholy wonder in his heart why revelation and inspiration never came to him, bending his very soul before the self-constituted prophets who exalted themselves over him. They refused him to share in the authority of their apostleship with an unimaginable arrogance which it is scarcely possible to believe, and made him submit to a re-ordination at their vulgar hands. Never man gave such proof of his sincerity. Others have founded sects, and withdrawn to rule over the organization which they had made; but Edward Irving formed his sect to obey it—to submit his honour to it—to give up his leadership for a servant's office—to bow his heroic soul to the unspeakable presumption of some dozen nameless men. Finally, when he was all but dying, they sent him on a mission to Scotland, by urgent command of the prophets and tongues, which professed to convey the will of God. His friends and his doctors begged him to rest—to seek a softer atmosphere for his worn-out frame—to think of his life; but what were these to God's command? He rose up and went, knowing nothing but obedience, and got to Glasgow, almost perishing by the way, where already that vault in the Cathedral crypt was making ready for him, and the clouds gathering in ominous grandeur about the sun which was going down at noon.

His father-in-law, Dr. Martin of Kirkcaldy, thus describes the ending of all:—

"Of his implicit obedience to what he believed to be the voice of Jehovah, one of the most striking instances was that which led to his dying in Glasgow. His medical advisers had recommended him to proceed, before the end of autumn, to Madeira, or some other spot where he might shun the vicissitudes of a British winter. But some of the oracular voices which found utterance in his church had proclaimed it to be the will of God that he should go to Scotland and do a great work there. Accordingly, after an equestrian tour in Wales, by which his health appeared at first to be improved, but the benefit of which he lost through exposure to the weather and occasional preaching contrary to the injunction of his physician, he arrived at Liverpool on his way to the north. In that town he was taken alarmingly ill, and was unable for several days to quit his bed; but no sooner could he rise and walk through the room, than he went, in defiance of the prohibition of his medical attendant, on board a steamer for Greenock. From Greenock he proceeded to Glasgow, delighted at having reached the first destination which had been indicated to him. From Glasgow it was his purpose to proceed to Edinburgh; but

this, I need not say, he never accomplished. So much, however, was his mind impressed with its being his duty to go there, that even after he was unable to rise from his bed without assistance, he proposed that he should be carried thither in a litter, if the journey could not be accomplished in any other way; and it was only because his friends about him refused to comply with his urgent request, that the thing was not done. Could he have commanded the means himself, the attempt at least would have been made. Nor, though his frame of mind was that of almost continual converse with God, do I think that he ever lost the confidence that, after being brought to the very brink of the grave, he was still to mark the finger of God by receiving strength for his Scottish mission, till the last day of his life was far advanced, when one of the most remarkable and comforting expressions he uttered seemed to intimate that he had been debating the point with himself whether he should yield to the monitions which increasing weakness gave him of approaching dissolution, or retain his assurance that he should yet be reinvigorated for his undertaking. 'Well,' said he, 'the sum of the matter is—if I live, I live unto the Lord; and if I die, I die unto the Lord: living or dying, I am the Lord's,'—a conclusion which seemed to set at rest all his difficulties on the subject of his duty. So strongly had his confidence of restoration communicated itself to Mrs. Irving, that it was not till within an hour or so of his death that she entertained any idea of the approaching event."

So he died; and young as he still was, it is impossible to grudge him such a death. He died deluded, but unstained—by an unexampled fortune gone astray, yet unimpeachable—a pure, religious, holy soul, without a speck upon the truth and the devotion of his own nature, and more than making up his errors by the spectacle, never surpassed, and to which we know scarcely a parallel, of these last forsaken and unapplauded years of his martyrdom. Certainly this was truth alone, and yearning for the will of God, that persuaded such a man to undergo such a discipline. In the very depth of his error he vindicates himself. And so he died; and they buried him in the crypt of Glasgow Cathedral, in the deep religious gloom of that noblest of subterranean chapels. And long ere this last act was accomplished, he had gotten that key of all mysteries which never is let down into the world, and begun the real life which errs and stumbles never more.

Some years after Irving's death, a generous and eloquent elegy was pronounced by the Rev. Dr. Hamilton, on an anniversary of the opening of the church in Regent Square, from which, in conclusion, we extract some passages. "Few have, in these last times, more marvellously united the pastor and the prophet, consecrated genius and assiduous affection, that intellectual sublimity which ennobles the topics which it touched, and that exuberant benignity which propitiated, and carried captive the objects of its continued forthflowing. His mind was like his heart, of the largest human size; and as he loved without effort, so he was inevitably eloquent. And because he squandered his brave thoughts and burning words on the most ordinary occasions, and in the midst of the littlest men, so the very consistency of his grandeur abated much of its effect, in a world which keeps its grandeur for set times and gala days. There was nothing vulgar in his make, and consequently nothing looked trivial in his eye. His mental furniture was all in keeping—massy, antique, ample; and his vocabulary was the expression of his mind. Through the stained window of his rich-colouring fancy every landscape wore its luxurious gaiety, or its purple gloom; and in the silver basket of his idealism, the most common gourds shone through, like golden apples. And it was not his fault, but the world's, that life is not the thing of wonder, and nobility, and delight, which his creative eye beheld it. Hence came what is vulgarly called his vanity. No sort of vanity is good; but the most innocent is that

which comes, as his did come, not from the contempt of others, but from loving them too much. He only loved the praise of men so far as he loved themselves, and believed them sincere. It was men's hearts of which he was so greedy. Their huzzas and clapping hands he never hungered after; and when at last the pompous hosannah, which had so long haunted his path—rustling in all the paraphernalia of rank, and fashion, and title, and surmounted with so many coronets and mitres—when at last, the phantom opened its pasteboard bosom, and showed that there was no human heart within, his hopeful and affectionate nature was driven back, and never got over the dismal recoil.

"Seldom have bigger thoughts and loftier sentiments struggled for expression in mortal speech, than those which are all but embodied in his magnificent 'Orations'; and though his practical wisdom did not keep pace with his discursive prowess, the might of his genius, and the grandeur of his views, and the prevailing solemnity of his spirit, gave a temporary lift to an earthly age. His presence was like Elijah's in the land of Israel, a protest against prevailing sins; and, like every protest in Jehovah's name, it carried a sanction and diffused an awe. And here lay his mortal greatness. Here was the thing which truly made him a Hero. In each controversy he took what he believed to be the Lord's side; and in every audience spoke clearly out what he believed to be God's truth. With all his love of human love, he had no fear of man; even as with all his faithfulness, there mingled no atom of malignity. In the pulpit, as bold as the Baptist, he was in private a very Barnabas—a son of consolation. In his voice, and looks, and movements, such continual comfort—in his spontaneous sympathy, and exuberant joy, that perpetual cordial, which—an image of a better Friend—made no day dull on which he shone, and no dwelling desolate which still expected his visit. And whilst the multitudes came out to hear the prophet, the memories in which he now chiefly lives are theirs who knew him as the pastor. His big heart and noble purposes gave a new idea of the capabilities of this our mismanaged and ill-wrought humanity; and if even his noble nature was frustrated at last—if his burning and shining light felt the lurid obscuration of bewildering fogs, it is only one reason more for desiring a firmament without fog, a region without delusion, a world where the noblest purposes will have a nobler consummation, and the biggest heart will never break."

BULLLOCKS IN THE WAY.

FEW readers will dissent from us when we express our opinion that the population of London, numbering as it does at the present time some three millions, is quite sufficient for the accommodation afforded by the thoroughfares. But twice a week, that is, on every Monday and Thursday (not to mention some phenomenal demonstrations on other days), some thousands of bullocks are sent adrift through the streets on their way to more than a thousand different slaughterhouses, some of them situated at the distance of many a weary mile from the starting-point of the journey. Of all the town travellers that permeate the metropolis, these are certainly the least welcome to the good citizens, who object to them strongly on many grounds, but who have objected to them in vain any time these twenty years past. The spectacle of a drove of long-horns coming plump against you in a narrow thoroughfare, is not at all exhilarating; you may be accustomed to take the bull by the horns metaphorically, in matters of difficulty, but you object to do it literally, and you turn out of the road into the

first refuge that offers, not without a secret protest against allowing them the right of way.

We challenge any one, even the most experienced drover, to trace out upon the map of London the travels of an ox from the cattle-market in Islington to the spot where he is to "give up his quiet being," and to be promoted in return to the knightly dignity of Sir Loin. The predetermined route may be plain and simple enough, and yet the journey may embrace a number of devious wanderings, and may eventuate, as the Americans say, in various kinds of adventures, the participation of which is not at all to be desired, and never is desired by her Majesty's peaceful lieges. It is not long ago that a company of Devonshire Reds, while traversing the district of Merry Islington, seduced by the emerald green sward of the lawn, and perhaps by the smell of water in the fish-pond, entered friend Jones's garden—the gate unfortunately happening to stand open. With one accord they made up to an arbour overgrown with creepers, and began browsing upon the twining plants. Driven from that, three of them plunged up to their backs in the little basin of a fish-pond, the whole party assisting to drink up the water and leave it dry—a consummation which was only prevented by the arrival of the drovers and their dogs. Jones declares he had the world's work to get rid of them, after no end of mischief, and the only compensation he got for the damage was a growling reminder that he had better keep his garden-gate shut. On the same day a wide-horned creature from another drove entered Robinson's house, walked down the stairs, and stood in presence of cook and the spit, as though he wanted to be dished up without the trouble of killing and quartering. A rare hubbub there was for two full hours round Robinson's house; the obstinate beast would not go up the stairs which he had gone down; in fact, it appeared that the spread of his horns would not allow him to go up, and how he contrived to get down was a mystery nobody could fathom. At last a ridiculous machine, consisting of three poles and a chain and pulleys, was had recourse to, and the astonished beast was lifted bodily over the area railings, and once more sent on his way, amidst the clamorous hootings of the mob. Last Monday morning, honest Mrs. Coaster, who had just dusted her counter, was laying out her shop window with a new supply of articles to tempt customers, when in stalked an enormous bullock, black as night, all but his flesh-coloured nose, and stared at her with his great round eyes. She had barely time to scuttle away into her back parlour and bolt the door, while sending forth a scream of terror, when the monster, as if desirous of the situation of shopman to the establishment, essayed to thrust himself behind the counter. He could get no farther than the till, when, finding himself wedged tight, he set up a bellowing, which brought half the neighbourhood to the door, with the drovers at their head. The counter had to be taken down to extricate the monster from his trap. Again, at the "Cat and Salutation," a Highland short-horn once took it into his head to join a convivial party in the tap-room; but there was some excuse for him, because Donald McLaren was there, blowing a sonorous blast on his bagpipes, and it is only fair to the bullock to infer that, having a musical ear, he was enticed thither by the strains of his own mountain music. He was received with a roar of welcome by some jolly navvies, who were getting their dinners; but as he didn't call for anything, or drink for the good of the house, the landlord insisted on his dismissal, whereupon, the ox being but a little fellow, four of the navvies seized him each by a leg, fairly shouldered

him, and carried him out to his companions. I might tell of the preposterous conduct of a bullock known to me, who walked one foggy evening through the front door and into the back yard of a butcher's suburban dwelling, whence he never returned alive, but was seized for trespass, and transformed into beef on the spot. I might tell of another, who followed the sounds of the piano, and staccatoing his way up the drawing-room stairs, volunteered his horn accompaniment at a musical *soirée*. Of a third who, having had enough of the stony-hearted streets, ran down the Thames stairs, took to the water for a cool change, and was supposed to have put out to sea, since he was never heard of again. I might recall to your mind that story told us by the Rev. W. Jay in his *Autobiography*, of a bullock who walked into Surrey Chapel, and penetrated almost to the pulpit, where the body-guard of deacons held him fast while the congregation was hastily dismissed. But enough has been said of this kind of bucolic vagaries.

One word, however, on the sadder side of the subject. All the above described eccentricities of bullocks are harmless compared with what too frequently comes to pass when the poor over-goaded ox gets confused in his intellect, and runs a-muck at everybody that comes in his way. We hear of these things, we read of them, and indeed we see them with our own eyes but too often. The newspapers tell us who was knocked down, who was gored and carried to the hospital, who died from their wounds, and who were killed on the spot, but they do not tell us what becomes of the poor demented beast when he is at last secured. In these cases, though there may be a huge mob following at the creature's heels, all doing their best to augment his fury, not a man of them will put in a claim for possession when he is caught. So soon as an ox has gored a man or killed a child, the owner abandons him to his wicked destiny, and prudently remains in the background, having the fear of damages and coroners' inquests before his eyes. So the furious ox is derelict in the eye of the law, and what becomes of him it is difficult to say; there are whispers about his conversion into salt junk, workhouse beef, destitute soup, and other unappetising viands; but we confess our inability to throw any light on the subject; the only thing that is clear is, that those who are injured by his fury get no compensation.

And now another word in justice to the bullock, who during the whole of his progress from the pastures to the butcher's stall is treated with gross inhumanity. The simple truth is, that not one ox in a hundred of those sold in the market is in a condition to undertake a journey of several miles through the streets of the city. In most cases, even when British bred, he is reared far away; he travels a long distance, partly on the dusty road, partly packed in a railway truck; he passes the whole of Saturday, and half the night, either rushing along the iron road, or shunted off on a siding; and often, without tasting anything, not even water, for twenty to forty hours, he is crowded into the market-pens in the small hours of the morning. He is weakened by hunger and thirst, giddy with blows about the head, *where a wound is no damage to the hide*, and his senses are wandering, from the uproar and tumult which have surrounded him for days past. With the foreign cattle the case is still worse. After a distressing sea voyage from Holland or Portugal, they are unshipped in the docks late on Saturday night or early on Sunday morning, and after midnight on the Sunday they are railed or driven to the market for the Monday morning sale. Is it any marvel that the poor bullock, whether British or foreign, after such and so recent experiences, finds the

long route through London streets too much for him? The marvel is, rather that so many retain strength enough to plod their way to the slaughterhouse. Not a week passes but we see the poor outworned ox lying almost at his last gasp in the road, unmoved by the savage dog or the dripping goad, and sometimes dying there in face of the public, and in mute protest against the barbarity in which custom has so hardened us that we take no note of it. Many a time have we seen the poor brute who had thus foundered on the route, slain where he fell—killed, as the butchers term it, to save his life; but of late years that spectacle has been spared us; the foundered beast is now carried off to the slaughter in a stout cart, the bed of which being nearly on a level with the ground, allows of his being hauled into it by the application of mechanical force.

In conclusion, can nothing be done to insure us our indispensable beef, and deliver us from our promenading bullocks? Why should London pedestrians be subject to the annoyances and perils of which continental cities have long got rid? Is London too large to turn her bullocks into beef at a distance? and are we, therefore, to be exposed to the chances of *occidental* maiming or death to the end of the chapter? We leave the question to the consideration of legislating philanthropists, not without a hope that some of them will take it in hand.

WASPS.

WASPS have always, and deservedly, had a bad name, especially as contrasted with bees. Their gay colour, their fierce, spiteful temper, and their unproductiveness, have served to point many a moral, from the days of *Æsop* downwards; while the sober-suited, laborious bee, with its comparatively amiable disposition, has been pressed still more frequently into the service of the moralist in the opposite direction. It is not without reason that the fable represents the wasps and bees as going to law with each other, for it is well known that bees are liable to be attacked by them in their hives, and driven out, unless the entrance is narrow enough for the bees to guard securely.

An instance of the expulsion of bees from their hive by an inroad of wasps, has lately come under my notice. A working man, who lives close to me, has a few hives of bees. One day last August, his little boy came running to him as he was at work not far off, and told him that the bees were swarming. It seemed a strange time of year for such a proceeding as this, but he came home to see for himself; and there, sure enough, were the bees hanging outside the hive, which they very soon left, flying across the road, and settling on the tiles of a shed which stands there. The hive being thus deserted by them, the man took it up, when he found the honey all gone from the combs, and several wasps in possession of the mansion. It must be added that there were earwigs and maggots in it as well, which no doubt had done their part in driving out the bees. He knows the young bee-grub well, he says, and is sure that the "maggots" were not these; but I cannot give credit to his opinion that they and the earwigs had been brought there by the wasps to assist in turning out the bees, by making the hive too uncomfortable for them to stop. However, he cleared out the hive, and tried to get the old inhabitants back to it again. They were still on the roof of the shed which I have mentioned, so he "tinged" them, *secundum artem*, i.e., he clattered a tin pot to give them notice that there was a home ready for them, mounted the tiles, and placed the hive over them. The

greater part re-entered it, and he thought that he had secured them. But he was mistaken; whether the hive was not thoroughly cleansed, or whether the bees had had such a fright in it once that they did not care to run the like risk again, or whether their queen had not been recovered, I do not know, but, at any rate, they took flight again before the evening, and went away never to return.

Bees are not the only winged animals with which the wasps are at enmity. Flies suffer more from them than even bees do, for they eat the former bodily, while bees, if they have a proper hive, can defend it against them. It is very curious to watch the manner in which a wasp deals with a fly. The fly is buzzing merrily along, when a wasp swoops down upon it, seizes it tooth and nail, or rather, mandibles and feet, and down to the ground they come, in a deadly struggle. When they are once there, the fate of the fly is sealed: the first thing that the wasp does is to bite off the wings of his victim; then he has him at his mercy, and carries off his maimed prey to a quiet corner, where he devours him at his leisure.

It must certainly be allowed that the wasp is a very unamiable creature, but we may still give him the credit which is due for the skill with which he constructs his nest. In fact, his is the oldest paper manufactory in the world. The paper, it is true, is rather brittle; but it is undeniable paper for all that, and not so bad as might be expected, considering the unpromising material out of which it is made, which is rotten wood. I have seen numbers of wasps working steadily at an old gate-post, gnawing away the wood, and flying off with it, when they would chew it up into pulp to form their nests. We have therefore no reason to call them idle, however unproductive their labour may be; for not only do they construct a most elaborate nest, but occasionally excavate a deep hole in the earth, in which to place it. They do not, however, always make their nests underground, for they sometimes choose a more airy situation, such as the inside of a house or barn roof; and here it is more difficult to destroy them, than in the other case, for you cannot well burn them, or smoke them to death, particularly if the roof is a thatched one, as you can do when the nest is in a hole in the ground; at all events, burning them when they have settled in a roof is likely to be a very expensive process, unless you are very careful. I have known an instance in which the destruction of a wasp's nest involved that of a whole farm-yard, buildings, stacks and all.

A colony of wasps had established themselves inside the roof of a barn, at the very top of it. Harvest was nearly over; there were some stacks of wheat in the yard, and a good deal of other corn in the barn. A fresh load had just been brought in, and the farmer mounted to the top of it, armed with a pole, at the end of which was a bunch of tow dipped in spirits of turpentine; he set fire to this, and applied it to the wasp's nest in the thatch. The consequence may be easily divined: the barn was an old one, the thatch dry, and thickly hung with cobwebs; and the flames flew like wild-fire from one end of the building to the other. The wasps' nest was destroyed, certainly; but so were all the farming premises, while the stacks of wheat were so injured by the smoke, that the very pigs would not eat the grain. The story has its lesson; and, as we began with an allusion to *Æsop*, we may not unfitly end with a moral after the fashion of those frequently attached to the fables which go under his name—

"It is better to put up with a small known evil or abuse, than to remove it by means which may cause the destruction of that, the loss of which will be of far more serious consequence."

Varieties.



HENRY HALLAM.

Born 1777, died 1859.

HISTORIAN OF THE ENGLISH CONSTITUTION, OF THE MIDDLE AGES, AND OF THE LITERATURE OF EUROPE. *Theed, Sculptor.*

[This statue has recently been placed in St. Paul's.]

THE RULE OF LIFE.—It is written of Boleslaus, one of the kings of Poland, that he still carried about him the picture of his father, and when he was to do any great work, or set upon any design extraordinary, he would look on the picture, and pray that he might do nothing unworthy of such a father's name. Thus it is that the Scriptures are the picture of God's will, and therein drawn out to the very life; before a man enter upon, or engage himself in any business whatsoever, let him look there, and read there what is to be done, what to be undone; and what God commands, let that be done; what he forbids, let that be undone: let the balance of the sanctuary weigh all, the oracles of God decide all, the rule of God's word be the square of all, and his glory the ultimate of all purposes and actions.

A STRANGE PETITIONER.—In the cabinet of natural history belonging to the Imperial Academy of Petersburg, among a number of curiosities is preserved Lisette, a favourite greyhound of Peter the Great. This animal was very fond of her master; she never quitted him but when he went out, and then she laid herself down on his couch. At his return, she testified her fondness by a thousand caresses, and during his afternoon nap lay always at his feet. The following remarkable story, in which Lisette holds so conspicuous a place, is related upon

the most unquestionable authority:—A person belonging to the court having excited the anger of the czar—we know not by what means—was confined in the fort, and there was reason to suppose that he would receive the punishment of the knout on the first market day. The whole court, and the empress herself, thought him innocent, and considered the anger of the czar as excessive and unjust. Every means was tried to save him, and the first opportunity taken to intercede in his favour; but so far from succeeding, it served only to irritate the emperor the more, who forbade all persons, even the empress, to speak for the prisoner, and, above all, to present any petitions on the subject, under pain of incurring his highest displeasure. It was supposed that no resource remained to save the culprit. However, those who, in concert with the czarina, interested themselves in his favour, devised the means of presenting a petition, without incurring the penalty of the prohibition. They composed a short but pathetic petition, in the name of Lisette. After having set forth her uncommon fidelity to her master, she adduced the strongest proofs of the innocence of the prisoner, entreated the czar to take the matter into consideration, and to be propitious to her prayer, by granting him his liberty. This petition was tied to her collar in such a manner as to be easily visible. On the czar's return from the admiralty and senate, Lisette, as usual, came leaping about him, and he perceived the paper, folded in the form of a petition. He took and read it. "What!" said he, "Lisette, do you also present me petitions? Well, as it is the first time, I grant your prayer;" and he immediately sent a communication to the fort, with orders to set the prisoner at liberty.

PURCHASE OF POSTAGE STAMPS.—All postmasters in England and Wales, at whose offices money order business is transacted, are permitted to purchase postage stamps from the public, if not soiled or otherwise damaged, at a charge of $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.; the charge, however, never to be less than $\frac{1}{2}d$. Under this arrangement postmasters will be authorised to pay 9s. 9d. for stamps of the value of 10s.; 6s. 6d. for stamps of the value of 6s. 8d.; 4s. 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. for 5s.; 3s. 3d. for 3s. 4d.; 1s. 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. for 1s. 8d.; and for less quantities the full value less $\frac{1}{2}d$. being given for any number of stamps not exceeding 1s. 8d. in value. No separate stamps, however, will be purchased. They must in all cases be presented in strips containing at least two stamps adhering to each other. The arrangement is extended to the chief office in Dublin, and to offices in some of the leading towns in Scotland.

JACK KETCH.—This man was the executioner who beheaded the Duke of Monmouth (1685). He struck again and again, but the body continued to move. Yells rose from the crowd. At length Ketch flung down the axe with a curse. "I cannot do it," he said; "my heart fails me." "Fling him over the rails," roared the mob. By and by the axe was taken up; two more blows extinguished the last remains of life, but a knife was used to separate the head from the shoulders. In 1686 Ketch was turned out of his office for insulting one of the sheriffs, and was succeeded by one Rose, a butcher. But in four months Rose himself was hanged, and Ketch was reinstated. He beheaded Lord Russell.—*Lord Macaulay.*

LONGEVITY.—King William IV had spoken to a butcher at Windsor who had conversed with Charles II. A person, living in 1786, had conversed with a man who, when a boy, had carried arrows for the archers the night before the battle of Flodden Field. A man died recently whose great-grandfather saw the execution of Charles I.—*Times.*

THE BEST INHERITANCE.—All the thoughts of worldly men are employed, all their care is taken up, all their time bestowed, all their means spent, in purchasing, or some way procuring unto themselves, (as they call it,) a fortune, an estate of land of inheritance, or lease for term of years or life; all which are yet subject to a thousand calamities. Let us then rather look after heaven, and labour for the state of grace, which is past all hazard, being assured unto us by the handwriting of God, and the seal of his blessed Spirit; an estate, not for a term of years, but for eternity; an estate that is subject neither to the corruption of moths, nor bankrupt debtors, nor plundering thieves and robbers; but such as cannot be spoiled by hostile invasion, nor wrung from us by power, nor won by law, nor mortgaged by debt, nor impaired by public calamity, nor changed by kings and parliaments, nor violated by death itself.